Brechenridge Rews.

J. D. BABBAGE, Publisher and Proprietor.

CLOVERPORT, - - - - KENTUCKY.

A SEA-WAIF. "

- "My Archie, come, for whom Cyearned, Come with a sea-wen prize; A box by dusky natives turned, A pearl of royal size?"
- "Yea, last, I've brought a gleaming pearl, Some queenly breast night grace; See there, a living, laughing gfrl, Blue eyes and dimpled face.
- "Before the leagues of whitening spray By heated trade-winds fanned, Ran up the palm-fringed, land-locked bay, To thunder on the strand.
- "A relic of some hapless bark, Cr barnt, or wrecked, we found Her father lying stiff and stark Beelde ber, outward bound.
- We gave him to the ocean, took His little daughter. There! the's mine, and therefore thine: so look the meet a mother's care.
- "A heaven-sent waif, she well may come With joy and gladness fraught; Pray that her presence bless our home Beyond a wish or thought!
- "Our jewel opes her trustful eyes; No wickedness I'd dare Before her sight; and would despise Myself, if I could swear
- "Before her ears so innocent, And shock this gracious child, To me a hardened sluner sent— I'll keep her undefiled.
- "And she shall play with little Beas, And daily go to school; She's made me tender; none would guess Me such a whimp'ring fool;
- "Yet doing all the good we can, And hating avil ways, Is best, the Bible says, for man, And gives God andless praise.
- So take the comely lassie, wife, The treasure of the sea; With sunshine may she flood our life, In death a comfort be!

A DESTRE.

BY SURAN M. SPAULDING.

Let me not lay the lightest feather's weight of duty upon love. Let not, my own, The breath of one reductant kiss be blown Between cur hearts. I would not be the gate That bars, like some inexorable fate, The portals of thy life; that says, "Alone Through me shall any loy to thee be known;" Eather the window, fragrant early and late With thy sweet, clinging thoughts, that grow and twine Around me, like some bright and blooming wine;

Through which the sun shall shed his wreath on In golden showers; through which then may'st look out

look out
Exulting in all beauty, without doubt,
Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

- Scribner for October.

A WILD ADVENTURE.

San Francisco Gobien Era.

Sam S. Hall, "Buckskin Sam" and old Rip Ford were trapping in the Arkansas River region. They were men of desperate courage, who had taken their lives in their hands too often to care for Rip was a man who stood five feet seleven in his moccasins—a man whom you would hardly care to meet in the close tug of a desperate battle. His close tug of a desperate battle. His hard brown face was seamed with scare from bullet, knife and claws of wild beasts, and his muscuiar body showed the marks of many a desperate struggle. "Buckskin Sam" was the beau ideal of a mountaineer and plainsman, the Western hunter that the novelist paints and the forever, Sam." school-boy dreams of and wishes some to be. Although not so powerful as Old Rip, he was a man of great personal strength and desperate courage. For many a year these two had roamed the trapping grounds together, fighting Indians, griszlies and wolves, chased by night over the burning prairies, defend ing their camp against the sudden attacks of red fiends, or spending recklight below the falls. Far below them lessly at the monte board the money they had earned so hardly on the trap-

ping ground.

They had been out all winter, and, as spring approached, the last cache was covered, and the trappers now began to think of returning home. The camp home. The camp of the Canadian which flowed through dismal canons, in which the light of day never shows, under the shadow of giant cliffs upon which human beings never yet set foot, and only spreading out at places where the cunning beaver had built his dam. The river was broken by great rapids, and abounded in rare fish upon which they had feasted royally for many a day. They had a cauce, and had been discussing the chances of going down the stream in that, in order to save

"I am ready to take the chances if you are, Rip," said Sam.
"I don't like to give myself away," said Rip. "What do you know about the river, after we get down to the big

canon, and who ever passed through

"That's the fun of the thing, Rip. We do what no one else dare do," said

"I don't like it," replied Ford, who was by far the most prudent of the two. I-ha! what in Jehu is that?" They seized their weapons and ran to the door of the hut, just in time to see a dozen Indians running down through the grass blocking up the only way of escape. The moment the repeating rifles began to play upon them they went out of sight among the rocks and began their gradual approach, which could only end in one way—the white trappers would be over

"There's only one chance, Rip," cried

"And that?"

The cance." "I am your man," cried the giant trapper. "You push the cance into the water and throw in the weapons, while I keep those fellows at bay. Oh, would you? Take that,"

An Indian had raised his tufted head to get a better shot at the trappers, but before he could get back the unfailing eyes of the trapper had looked through the double sights and the rifle cracked. The Indian sprung suddenly to his feet, spun sharp around upon his heel and fell dead in his tracks.

The next moment the cance shot from the bank and headed down through the boiling flood, plunging in the canon be-low so rapidly that the Indians had scarcely time to recover from their amazement at the sudden exodus before the trappers were out of sight. One of the Indians bounded to his feet and uttered a low signal-whoop, and two large canoes, containing in all about fifteen men, rounded a point in the river above the canon and came flying down under the strokes of the puddles. The Indians on the shore simply pointed down the stream, and the cances dashed by at a furious speed, the wild ye'll of the pad-dlers announcing to the white men that they were pursued. The first rapid passed, they entered a long stretch; of

water where the current was only four or five miles an hour, and there the pro-pelling force in the other canoes began to tell, and the Indians gained rapidly. On each side of the canoe the canon

was like a wall, two hundred feet in height and the trappers could only put all their strength in the paddles and dash on as fast as they could. Two miles further and the pursuing canoes were scarcely a hundred yards behind, the Indians yelling like demons as they saw the white men almost in their grasp. Rip Ford shook his head as he looked over his shoulder, when suddenly his cance was seized by a mighty force and hurled downward, like a bullet from a

"Don't you believe it; those fellows seem to be standing still," said Sam. "They will get in the current in a moment," gasped Rip. "Look at that!" The headmost canoe of the Indians appeared upon the crest of the rapid, and came flying down after the trappers at a furious speed. The Indians no longer used their paddles, with the exception of the man who sat at the stern, and by a touch on the water, now on one side, now on the other, regulated the course of the canoe. The second canoe followed in a moment, a little further in shore. As they gazed the bow of the last cause was suddenly lifted into the air as it struck a brown rock in the channel, which the occupants tried in vain to avoid. The fierce current caught the stern and in an instant there was nothing left of the craft, save broken fragments, while the occupants, with loud shrieks of terror, were borne swiftly on by the resistless tide. "That ends them," said Rip Ford. "Be careful, Sam, for your life!"

On, on, borne by the power which they could not resist, the two canoes were hurried. There was a scene of wild exultation in the hearts of the white men, for they could see that their enemy would have gladly escaped, if they could, from the perils that surrounded them. Their mad desire for scalps and plunder had led them into a trap, and they no longer thought of the cance before them. They knew, as the whites did not, the terrible danger before them, for they had explored the banks of the stream on foot many times. The river suddenly narrowed, and the trappers rushed into a canon barely twenty feet wide and nearly roofed over by the cliff on each side. The current was not quite so rapid here, and they guided the canoe

easily.

"This gets interesting, Rip," said Sam, as they went on through the narrow pass. "We are going"—"To our death," interrupted Rip Ford, in a solemn voice. "Do you hear the falls?"

Through the splash of water and the

dip of the paddles they heard a low, dead, tremulous roar, which was the sound of falling water. For a moment the bronzed face of Sam blanched, and then he drew his figure up proudly,

It was, indeed, before them, for as they shot out of the narrow pass they saw the falls before them—how high they could not tell, but the smoke which arose showed that it was not a small

The swift current caught them and the canoe, hurled forward with terrible force, went flying toward the verge. moment more and it shot out into the midst and went down into the unknown depths. Each man clung to his paddle as he went down, held by an invisible power, whirled to and fro, as in a maelstrom, and then shot up into the light below the falls. Far below them swept them down, the two men looked back in time to see the Indians' canoe come over the fall sideways without an occupant. It was hurled farout, and fell lightly on the water, only to be arrested by the strong hand of Buckskin Sam.

The Indians, appalled by their dan-ger, had upset the canoe in their frantic efforts to escape. What became of them the trappers never knew, for when they reached the foot of the rapid, far below the falls, and righted the canoe, they made no pause, but hurried down the stream, and before night were safely floating in the waters of the Canadian River. Two days later they reached Fort Sill in safety.

Petitition of the Horse.

In the days of John of Atri, an ancient city of Abruzzo, there was a bell put up which any one that had received any injury went and rang, and the King assembled the wise men chosen for the purpose, that justice might be done. It happened that after the bell had been up a long time, the rope was worn out, and a piece of wild vine was made use of to lengthen it. Now there was a knight of Atra who had a noble charger which was become unserviceable through age, so that to avoid the expense of feeding him, he turned him loose upon the com-mon. The horse, driven by hunger, raised his mouth to the vine to munch it, and pulling it, the bell rang. The judges assembled to consider the petition of the horse, which appeared to demand justice. They decreed that the knight whom he had served in the youth should feed him in his old age; a sentence which the King confirmed under a heavy penalty.

THE jealous wife of a Cincinnati shoe-maker admitted that it was necessary for him to put on women the new shoes that they bought, but she objected to that they bought, but she objected to his performing that service in the case of old and consequently easy shoes. A young woman went into his shop to have her shoe mended while she waited. When it was finished she placed her foot in his lap to have it put on and buttoned. While he was absorbed in this his wife came to the door, and the scene aroused her is allows. She went out and service in the series and service in the case of the service in the her jealousy. She went out and got a clothes line, doubled it to a convenient length, came back, and remarking that she had been married to him fifteen years, and he had never offered to put on her shoes, she gave him a lashing with the rope in the presence of the innocent cus-

THE other day a visitor to Dublin hired a car for an hour to drive round Phonix Park. No sooner was he seated than the driver proceeded to warm his nag's ribs, and started off at about ten miles an hour. As he did not slacken his pace, the passenger asked the reason for such quick traveling. "Faith," re-plied Paddy, "d'ye think I'd be all day driving you an hour?"

TRUE to the core-The apple-worm.

"Once more October's wealth of love-liness is here." And with her wealth of oveliness comes her wealth of weather, her wealth of autumn woods,—very rich in a diversity of colors, like the rich "coat of Joseph"—her wealth of fruits, and her wealth of noonday suns and morning and evening fogs,—and to many too, her wealth of fever and ague and

How different our months of the fallng leaf to those of many parts of the old country! Foreigners are astonished and amazed at American autumns! hurled downward, like a bullet from a rifle. They had struck another rapid more powerful than the first, and the rocks absolutely seemed to fly past them.

"This is something like it," cried the daring Buckskin Sam. "How we do moye!"

"I should say we did, old boy," replied Rip. "I am only afraid we are moving too fast."

"Don't you believe it; those fellows."

"There the leaves on the trees never change color till a whole grand forest looks like a gorgeous bouquet, but the green leaf slips from its parent branch and falls untarnished to the ground. Here, before they are naked, the woods assume all the hues of a dying dolphin. This peculiar coloring of the leaves is attributed to the peculiarities of our soil and climate. The chemical elements are different and of greater variety than

in many European countries. In an analysis of the autumn leaves, they are found to have absorbed a great deal of iron. Iron is, however, the life of animals and plants—it gives coloring and beauty and enjoyment to everything. Take a man from whose blood the iron has almost departed, and you will find a melancholy, morbid fellow, more mel-ancholy and morbid still in the fall and spring of the year. In all those beauti-ful, rich leaves that you see in forest and flowers, in the bracing atmosphere of our best days, you will find this pow-erful chemical element. It adds to the glory and the grandeur of the day, and invigorates and animates all about us.

Glorious October! What a sound to the sense is that very word, October! It breathes of hope and energy for the future, and wakens glad memories of the past. Nutting-days in the forests, eider-making days in the orchards, with the mellow smell of belleflowers and pippins, rambeaus and lady-blushes; the boyish shouting at old, crazy-eyed, high-boned Dobbin turning the windlass of the cider-mill, the juicy crush of apples, and the gushing fluid! Delightful memmemory, is still with us. We have a patent cider-mill, to be sure, that is not so "romantic" as the old wooden one, with its uncouth cogs, and we have patent apples, too!—But our boys are just as jubilant while the spry pony turns our patent mill, as me were when crow-bate Dobbin plodded slowly his weary circle only at the crack of the whip, taking every chance to idle when

be was not urged to his work.

But a welcome month is October still, and always will be, to youth. Perhaps he who is in the October of his life may not greet the season with so much exultation, as it is to him an emblem and a memorial et once; yet still, to the old as well as the young, it brings some blessings and some joys, though amelio-rated by the fading luster of age.

If those who, in the course of years, have gathered wealth into their garners, will be generous, no matter how old they may be, the month will bring plenty of blessings, now and for all their future. October is a busy month for the thrifty farmer. He is pushing forward

all necessary repairs about his farm; tightening up his houses and sheds for more stock; husking his winter corn; sowing his winter grain; preparing the soil for spring; storing away his oats and vegetables. There is always work for such farmers. October, when rightly used, pays as well as any month in the year; and if all men will use it rightly, we need fear neither pestilence no famine.

Safety of Railroad Traveling.

Some time ago we referred to the reorts of the railroad commissioners of Massachusetts, on the marvelous immunity from accident railroad passengers and enjoyed in that State for the twenty years or more covered by the reports. The similar fact showing the safety of railway travel is brought out in the report made to the Connecticut Legisature by the railroad commissioners of that State. There were carried in 1877 in that State 4,254,015 passengers who traveled an average distance each of fifty miles, or 212,700,000 who traveled one mile. Out of the immense number there was but one killed. That one was found near a bridge, and is supposed to have walked off the train. So even for this one death the railroad company was not

directly responsible.

Contrast this immunity with what night have been reasonably expected to happen in the old days of stage coaches. The Hartford Courant, which appears to have given a great deal of time and study to the investigation, says it would have required 425,000 coaches, 6,000,000 horses and 425,000 drivers, to convey these passengers, and at an average rate of eight miles an hour it would have taken thirteen days for the coaches to pass a given point. Who that remembers anything about the dangers of travel in the old times can believe that but a single accident would have happened?

Old sailors in a fierce storm thank the Lord they are in a staunch vessel instead of on the land. But as compared with a vessel, the railroad train is an ark of safety. Even the wonderful fast train that runs between Philadelphia and New York, whose speed is at times at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour, has run for more than two months with entire reedom from accident. The casualties that occur on any road are very few in number, and the number of persons killed or injured in comparison with those who travel is very small. If all who travel should take out a policy in an accident insurance company, the stock of that company would soon be worth a very high premium.

Edison Outdone. A still later discovery than either the phonograph or the telephone (the News Letter says) is one recently made by a prominent dentist in San Francisco. It s to the effect that a dumb person, nine cases out of ten, does not owe the loss of his speech to any defect in his larynx, palate, epiglottis or his solanum ciliatum, but a defective arrangement of his teeth. The doctor recently visited a large Deaf and Dumb Asylum and pulled out all the teeth of eleven supposed incurable mutes, aggregating about one hundred and eighty-seven molars in all. He then inserted a regu lar and even set of teeth of his own mak-ing, with a rubber plate attached, and in each case the patient was able to talk

Capt. Tyson's Account of the Voyage of the Florence.

Editor of the New York Herald In pursuance of the orders of Capt Llowgate, directing me to proceed to Cumberland Gulf, or elsewhere in my discretion, for the purpose of collecting skins, skin clothing, Esquimau dogs and sledges, and other material and supsledges, and other material and supplies necessary for a long Arctic voyage, we sailed from New London, Ct., on the 2d of August, 1877, at half-past ten a. m. After a long and tedious voyage of forty-one days, we arrived in Cumberland Gulf. Owing to the large number of vessels we found there, and the presence of others during the summer, which had left prior to our arrival, there

which had left prior to our arrival, there was a very great dearth of skins; in fact, there were none. Two of these vessels, steamers, had carried out such Esquinaux who were to the southward Other Esquimaux who were accustomed to congregate there were off in the mountains deer hunting, and these, be-fore their departure, had contracted with some of the vessels for the skins they might obtain.
Under these circumstances you can

readily perceive the difficult position in which we are placed. It being too late to go elsewhere, I determined to stay and do the best we could. Accordingly, we remained at Niantillic Harbor, latitude 65° 10′ north, longitude 67° 30′ west, awaiting the return of the Esquimaux, which I concluded would be about the last of September or the 1st October. About the last of the former onth many arrived, but they went im mediately to the British vessels from Scotland, with whom they had contrac-ted. On the 28th one boat's crew arrived and came immediately to the Flor ence. These we engaged, and on the 1st of October we got under way, intending to winter at the head of the gulf and remote from any of the other vessels. My object in this was to keep the Esquimaux we had secured from the influence of the

whites in the gulf. We vi-ited the Keickertons Islands before going up, and finding nothing there, continued our way, and anchored in Annatook Harbor, at the head of the ories these! But the fact, as well as the 66° 27' north, logitude 68° 52' There we passed the winter and spring, in the meantime collecting quite a number of skins. Some of these made into clothing. Those we obtained in the spring, however, not having time to make them up, we secured and packed away. On breaking out from our winter quarters in the summer of the presnet year, we managed to induce five men to accompany us to the coast of Greenland. There were also five women and five children, making fifteen in all, and they carried with them a large number

On the 19th of July we sailed for Disco Island, carrying with us the fifteen Esquimaux, twenty-eight dogs, a fair quantity of skin clothing, and a great any skins, soon to be put into shape the manipulations of the women. We arrived at Disco on the last day of July, where, as of course you know, we did not meet any expedition. We waited patiently until the 22d of August, receiving no letters proposed to be sent out by the government, and then, despairing of any communication, we started on our return to Cumberland Gulf, carry-

ng everything with us. And now came the most difficult porand now came the most diment por-tion of our voyage. The season has been very prolific in ice, none of the Scotch whalers being able to get through to Melville Bay on the Greenland side, and up to the time we left Disco the Danish ships had been unable to reach their upper settlements. We encountered the ice of Cape Mercy, latitude 64° 45′ north, longitude 65° 30′ west, d worked our wa a distance of two hundred miles, often with the greatest labor, and at times threatened with serious catastrophe. Happily, we arrived in the gulf on the last day of August, and as the season was so advanced that no further delay was practicable, we paid and discharged the Esquimaux on the 2d of September,

and at once started on our return. With the results of the voyage there is every reason to be satisfied, though the accomplishment of its immediate purposes led to no practical end. scientific gentlemen, Messrs. Kumlin and Sherman, have been indefatigable in the performance of their duties, and are much pleased with their discoveries. Of the more interesting results may be mentioned the finding of meteoric iron in the trap rock, the addition of five species of birds to the fauna of the Atlantic seaboard, and the procuring of a whale's skeleton. We have escaped sickness of any kind during the entire voyage, and procured one fine head of the whalebone weighing eighteen hundred pounds. More than this in the whaling line it was impossible for us to do and attend to other duties, even had the season been an usually good one in this respect, the fact being that it has been almost an entire failure at Cumberland. GEORGE T. TYSON.

Action of the Sea. Whole districts are gradually worn by

the action of the sea on their coasts. The sites of ancient towns have been in some instances swallowed up. The port of Ravensford, England, celebrated in the time of Edward II, is now quite destroyed. It is probable that the Orkney and Shetland Islands were once a part of Great Britain, and that Great Britain tself was once united to the coast of France, and even America to the eastern continent. In the thirteenth century the island of Nordstrand, on the coast of Schleswig, was fifty miles long by thirty-five broad, and at the end of the seventeenth century it was reduced to twenty miles in circumference. The natural causes, part of the effect of which is here noted, are gradually bringing the debris of the mountains into the plains and the sea, where under the tremendous pressure of water averaging from six to nine miles in depth, they are gradually consolidated in the search of once furnished by a whale, struck with a harpoon, sinking to an enormous depth, dragging a boat with him. When the boat was hauled to the surface, it was found that its wood had been compressed until it was as solid as iron and would not float.

Thomas, as he steadied himself in the corner, "tha's very simple; man at the other end of the line was full. Tha's whazzer masher," and Thomas worked his way up stairs, chuckling at the idea of fooling his wife.

'TELL me, William," said Mrs. Jones

Waking up the Baby.

feet, but little Sandy never moved once. I guess he is awful sleepy. Don't you think you could wake him up?"

"I'll try," replied the man, as he went in, and when the girl lighted the lamp he followed her into a bedroom in which there was neither carpet nor furniture. Pushed back against the

wall was a poor old straw tick and a single quilt. He bent over to look at the child, and the first glance showed him that little Sandy was dead. On the window-sill were some pieces of bread and milk, with which the children intended to feed him. The dead child's hand clasped a rag doll made of an old calico apron, and its thin little feet and pale face were evidences that it had known sickness and hunger throughout its brief life. While the children waited for him to open his eyes and romp with them, and drive the gloom out of the house, the angels had whispered to him, and his eyes had unclosed to behold the splender of Heaven.

"Won't he wake up?" asked one of the children, standing back in the shadow. "Children, you must not come in here until your mother comes!" he said, as he left the room.

Won't he be afraid to wake up in

the dark?' they asked.

"He will sleep a long time yet!" he whispered, not daring to tell them the truth, and as he went out they put the light in on the bed-room floor, that little truth, and as he went out they put the light in on the bed-room floor, that little Sandy might not find the darkness around him when his sleep had ended. Poor things! They knew not and they could not see the crown of glory on the that when his turn for treachourous dis-

Seeing the Crater. Two American girls determined to as

cend to the crater of Vesuvius during the first week of September, and, ac-cording to the statement of an Englishman who wrote immediately a full ac count of the matter to the Times (London), narrowly escaped—not falling in and finding "there was nothing in it"—but being swindled. They were informed at the hotel, and also by a trusty wide that they were no danger from guide, that there was no danger from the condition of the mountain; but the journey should be performed at night, as the heat of the day was oppressive. They were advised to be on the cone by sunrise. A gentleman, who was a stransunrise. A gentleman, who was a stranger to them, and perhaps, less plucky, but who proved good company, agreed to accompany them; and the three employed a safe courier, who spoke English. The party went to Pompeii in the afternoon resident from seven to the afternoon, rested from seven to twelve o'clock, and then, at midnight, after a cup of strong coffee, started out upon what they supposed must prove to to them a delightful excursion. By three a. m. all were at the summit. The wind howled and blew the sulphurous smoke into their lungs and eyes, and the fires only partly lighted up the darkness. Then the ten Italian guides asked the ladies to descend into the outer crater, in order to compel them to pay a fee for an "extra." They declined to go. The courier was appealed to for his in-fluence to induce them to go. He simply asked them if they wished to go, and upon their saying no, told the men so. They became only the more exasperated, and began quarreling with the courier. He remained good natured, but they bantered him, clinched their fists, and then went through a scene which gars description. Fancy the night, the place, the persons—two ladies and a stranger, with ten Italians bent on rob-bing them of money,—and these demons before the glare of this little hell fighting the courier himself. The ladies had desired to be carried up the cone on the chairs always in waiting, but were asked forty francs each for that service nearly five dollars for the three; and thus in consequence of the conduct of the men no pleasure whatever was derived at the summit. At eight a. m. they reached Pompeii again, glad to be with civilized people, although drenched to the skin by the rain which began at seven, and which they hurried through on horseback in order to be out of the A correspondent of the Troy Times now traveling in Colorado thus describes the attractions of that wondrous country: But while Colorado cannot, like other States, boast of its immense agrireach of all the scoundrels who seems

"Thomas," cried a Townsend-street women to her husband, as she let him in at the front door, at two a. m., the other morning, "where have you been until this unearthly hour, and why do until this unearthly hour, and why do you come home with your breath smelling of beer?" "That's all right," remarked Thomas, as he leaned up against the wall and tried to look sober. "That's all right, 'Melia. Funniest thing ever saw in my life, by (hie) Jove." "What is?" snapped the Townsend-street woman. "Tel—(hie)—telephone," said Thomas, with an imbecile smile. "How do you make out," demanded the woman, in icy tones, "that working with the telephone would make your breath smell of beer?" "Easiest thing in the (hic) world," returned Thomas, as he steadied himself in the corner, "tha's very simple; man at the

to infest the region of Vesuvius.

edge. When one sees a man whose, toes have taken a sudden notion to double up and the sole of his foot turn inward, In and even set of teeth of his own making, and the substitution of one man, who, it is a rubber plate attached, and in each case the patient was able to talk perfectly plainly five minutes after the operation was over, with the exception of one man, who, from long habits of silence, refused to speak, butsat moodily whistling "Hail Columbis" through his sore gums. At this stage of the experiment the officers of the asylum, who all drew large salaries, fired the dector out of the building, after vainly attempting to bribe him to keep his discovery secret; but if the inventor is not secretly poisoned or basely assassinated by the corrupt hirelings who fatten on the miseries of our fellows in public institutions, there will be a heap of talk-ling done this year.

"This me, William," said Mrs. Jones, there was never again, weuld you?" "Not by a danged with limit of the mister with his head about five years ago, and has never been quite well since," one does not quite understand; but when the doctor beams in and says that the unfortunate has had cerebral head; "you can bet your life on it!" "Ah, William," said Mrs. Jones, here with his head about five years ago, and has never been quite well since," one does not quite understand; but when the doctor beams in and says that the unfortunate has had cerebral head; "you can bet your life on it!" "Ah, William," said Mrs. Jones, here with his head about five years ago, and has never been quite well since," one does not quite understand; but when the doctor beams in and says that the unfortunate has had cerebral head; "you can bet your life on it!" "Ah, William," said Mrs. Jones, here with his beal about five years ago, and has never been quite well since," one does not quite understand; but when the doctor beam in and says that the unfortunate has had cerebral head; "you can bet your life on it!" "Ah, William," said Mrs. Jones, here taken a sudden hotiot of here with his head about five years ago, and has never been quite with many the matter with his head about five years Barbarism in Broadcloth.

Just at dusk, the other dismal day, three-children, the eldest of whom did not seem over ten years old, were huddled together on the rickety steps of an old house on Beaubien-street. A pedestrian passed over their heads to read the number on the door, and the children looked so frightened that he asked:

"Children, where are your father and mother?"

"Father's been gone way off for ever so long, and mother goes out to wash and hasn't got home yet," answered the eldest, a girl.

"And you are all alone?"

"Yes, sir, but baby is in on the bed, the cast sidelong and penetrating glances at a kind of injustice which lingers among men, wherever the true spirit of civilization and sound policy has not prevailed. We know not what meaner trait could distinguish a condition of society where the classic poet, half in pettle prophecy, sang the unrequited toil of those who labor that others chiefly may enjoy; of the bee, which gathers and stores up the honey that he will not be allowed to eat; of the ox, which bears his heavy yoke and drags the plow through rich fields, on whose after product he may not browse, he cast sidelong and penetrating glances at a kind of injustice which lingers among men, wherever the true spirit of civilization and sound policy has not prevailed. We know not what meaner trait could distinguish a condition of idest, a girl.

"And you are all alone?"

"Yes, sir, but baby is in on the bed.
He's been asleep an awful long time, and we can't wake him up. If we could we'd play hide and seek and let him find the toiler was to receive but the most trifling modicum of the benefit arising from his labor, after having borne the heat and burthen of the day, in clearing the land, rearing the first dwelling the land, rearing the first dwelling the land, rearing the seed and harvessin in the sem the land, rearing the first dwelling thereon, sowing the seed and harvessing the crop. We know that in the semi-barbarous condition which some are wont to dignify with sounding names this system of glaring injustice is the rule rather than the exception; and that many who are loudest in preaching the doctrines of an equal humanity are the last to practice it. But the universality of the wrong in no wise palliates it, morally speaking, nor yet relieves it of the mark of folly, regarding it merely in the world's way. Were a nobler plan prevalent, there would be a far sounder condition of affairs, more truth and confidence between men, and, we believe, a profit of the contract of an infinitely more rapid victory gained over the resistance of nature and the ills of mortal existence. The workman who feels himself but an implement, liable. when his task is done and the fruition of when his task is done and the fruition of its success is at hand, to be flung aside to make room for those who have had no part in the long laborious process of preparation, is in no mood that bodes well to society. A community largely composed of men similarly disappointed in their various walks of life, is ever ripe for "treasons are strategings and spoils." for "treasons, stratagems and spoils." And hence it is that the calendar of crime swells from day to day; and that, instead of being an honorable contest of industry and skill, what we term "business" too often degenerates into a mere unscrupulous struggle of chicanery. dead child's brow—a crown whose light all the shadows of earth can never darken in the least.

| Could not see the crown of giory on the placement comes, he may not go forth empty. Now, if such a social state be not a barbarism, more or less disguised in breadcloth, what is it? And can anything ultimately come of it but general

Bismarck's Courage.

| Blackwood's Magazine. | It was in 1866. Bismarck - ther Count Bismarck—was returning from the Palace, where he had been to see the King. While passing through the large street of Berlin, Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobeling have since attempted the life of Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply around and saw a young man who, with a smoking revoiver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with his other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer, who, however, had had time to pass his weapon on to his left hand, and now fire three shots in quick succession.

A SIGN posted up in a Wisconsin saw-mill reads: "The saws are running—no use to touch them to convince your-Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast until some a continent, but never enjoyed the soldiers came up and took hold of Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace, and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened. The Countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room. He greeted all in a friendly manner, and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room, where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the King of the accident. Having attended to this duty, he returned to the draw-ing-room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own un-punctuality, and saying to his wife, "Well, are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting." He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the Countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, "Gesegacte Mahlicit!" (May your meal be blessed) and then added:

You see I am quite well."
She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."

A Land of Wondrous Sights.

cultural products, it can justly claim to cultural products, it can justly claim to have the grandest natural scenery in the nation. Its giant mountains, its snow-capped peaks, its towering cliffs, it mighty canons, its grand and beautiful parks, its charming valleys, its clear, placid lakes, its wonderful cascades, its marvelous mineral waters, its descriptions. its deep mines, and its mammoth caves make it a wonderfully attractive place to thousands, both from our land and lands beyond the sea. Wherever we went, on mountains or hills, in valleys or mines, we found parties seeking instruction, health, recreation, and pleasure. The different ranges of the Rocky Mountains extend for over a thousand miles within Colorado alone. Among these ranges are two hundred peaks reaching an element of the seeking and seekin are two hundred peaks reaching an elevation of over thirteen thousand feet, and thirty or forty peaks which are over fourteen thousand feet high. Several of the great rivers of the West have their sources in this mountain region, among which we may mention the Platte, the Arkansas, the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado. The parks of Colorado are a peculiar feature of the scenery of the state. They are vast basins or plateaus of land lying between parallel ranges of the mountains and surrounded on all sides by lofty and rocky walls. They are thought to be the bottoms of great lakes which existed in a former age of the world's history. The surface of these parks is diversified by lakes and rivers, and covered by tall grass of rank growth, with here and there a little timber. The four principal ones are "North Park," "Middle Park," "South Park," and "San Luis Park." The latter, which is as large as the other three combined, contains eighteen square miles—an erea equal to the State of Massachusetts added to that of Vermont.

BY LUTHER O. MIGGS

My argones of dreams, with Hunds My argones of dreams, with Hunds Full freighted, till a stormy flood of to to once swept hope and joy and peace it low earth is sed and dark; the shore as Are with with adverse winds; the des flath ruthless form my dearest pearls for Yea, all I loved is bisseted by his break Once Love her jeweln lavished at my is Once Love her jeweln lavished at my is

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

WHAT is it which, the more you cut it, the longer it grows?—A ditch.

SENATOR OGLESBY, when a boy, was the best fiddler in the Sangamon bottom. A Spanish woman walks in the Paris boulevards leading a dove with a ribbon. Some men are as unsatisfactory as a soapy door-knob, and twice as slippery.

It is thought that a fashionable boarding-house furnishes the best anti-

STRANGE it is that nature must com pel us to lament our most persistent

GREAT wants proceed from great wealth, and make riches almost equal to poverty.

PRINCE ARTHUR will, after his mar-raige, settle down in Ireland and rebuild Tara's Halls.

PRIL. POTZ is the appropriate name of a German beer seller in Philadelphia.

-Fill Bulletin. A MUSICAL tavern in London, called the Cremona, is believed by the Graphic to be a vile inn.

WE are always anxious to know why we are loved; they only care to know how much we love them. THE loud tones in which some people

appeal to reason imply that reason is great distance from them. Ir takes one less time to get over one's

own misfortune than to be reconciled to a neighbors's good fortune. A KENTUCKY woman has married a Mr. Calico—has wedded a prints, as it

were.- New-Haven Register. "Forbidden Fruit" is a new drama lately put on the boards. The Adams all go for it though, as of yore. SITTING BULL wants to come back to

the States for fresh hair and a little exercise. - Philadelphia Chronicle. A MISER of sixty years old refuses himself necessaries, that he may not need them when he is a hundred.

THE worst thing about a handsome woman is some other arm than your own.—Meriden Literary Recorder. A STONE which on land requires the united strength of two men to lift, may

be lifted in the water by one man. LILLE, France, recently had the novel experience of a violent and destructive thunder storm without a drop of rain. AFTER all, there is no other country

in which a man has such a chance to make the most of himself as in America. THEY buried him darkly, at dead of night, And without any pomp or pageant; As they shoveled him in, they said: "All right, He was only a sewing machine agent." THAT family is the best who obtain not unjustly, keep not urfaithfully, and spend in a way that produces no repent-

THE slightest excess of expenditures over income is poverty, and the slightest excess of income over expenses is wealth.

A SIGN posted up in a Wisconsin saw-mill reads: "The saws are running—no CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered

felicity of cheating at croquet.-Erration LADIES, don't keep a business man waiting when he asks an ill-important

question. He may have another engagement.- Lukens. THERE are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have obtained them, and envenomed arrows to our

hearts when we have. An Iowa paper gives a thrilling ac-count of the effort of a young man to take home a widow and three swarms of bees at the same time in a wagon.

HE jumped on board the railroad train
And cried, "Farewell, Lucinda Jane,
My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
Alas, how soon he changed his cry,
And, while the tear stood in his eye,
He said: "Confound loose chader!"

— Yeare

DISTINGUISH between idleness, ignorance, want of attention and malice; words sometimes slip from the tongues which the heart neither hatched CIDER may be a good temperan

drink, but i can manage to get so drunk on it that I kant tell one ov the ten com-mandments from a by-law ov a base-ball club,-Josh Billings. An Eastern exchange says that "up to July 12, the Arctic whaling fleet at Davis Strait had not caught a whale."

Why under the sun don't they spit on their bait?-Hawkeye. THE mosquitoes and fleas have played a long and remarkably successful season this year. They have been received into the houses of some of our very best people.—Breakfast Table.

An invention lately brought out in England consists in making the dust of coal with an extract obtained from boilcoal with an extract obtained from boiling ordinary seaweed or other similar
vegetable matter, producing when boiled
a similar mucilsginous or adhesive solution. In carrying the invention into
effect they first boil seaweed or other
vegetable product capable of yielding,
when boiled, a mucilaginous or adhesive
solution, and then mix coal dust with
the said solution in the ordinary manner
in which cement, mortar or other similar in which cement, mortar or other similar material is mixed. The combined materials are then molded to any desired shape by hand, or by means of a brick-making or other suitable machine. The same solution when combined with sawdust or other suitable material may be formed into blocks for filtering purposes.

Young men contemplating marriage have so frequently called upon us to advise them in the manner of popping the all important question that we have concluded to give our opinion once for all. Never propose to a young lady after a hearty meal. The blood is needed to aid digestion, and her imagination is chilled. Norshould it come just before a meal, for the longing of an importuned system conduce to anxiety and irritability, and the shock may prove bazardous. It would be better to select the evening and invite her to some enter tainment which you know she wants to attend, and then propose to her just as attend, and then propose to her just as he is ready to start. This will be greatly to your advantage, for she will easily see that a rejection will upset an evening's amusement.—Lady's Journal.

THE London Queen says the demand i the times is for a woman who can each women. Just so; but most of them